If I doe wake some Plannet strike me downe,
That I may slumber an eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches those sweet Ornaments,
VVhose cyrcling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe
And might not gaine so great a happines (in,
As halfe thy loue: VVhy dost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson Riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine stirde with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honie breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowred thee,
And lest thou shouldst detect them cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst awaie thy face for shame,
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed like an Ouen stoppt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela*, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus*, Cosen hast thou met,
And he hath cut those prettie fingers off,
That could haue better sowed than *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those Lillie hands,
Tremble like aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue tucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmonie,

VVhich

VVhich that sweete tongue hath made,
He would haue dropt his knife and fell a s
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blin
For such a sight will blind a fathers eie.
One houres storme will drowne the fragra
VVhat will whole months of teares thy fa
Doe not drawe backe, for we will mourne
Oh could our mourning ease thy miserie.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with T
bound, passing on the Stage to the place of exe
tus going before pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, Noble
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spe
In dangerous warres, whilst you securelie sle
For all my blood in Roomes great quarrell
For all the frostie nights that I haue watcht
And for these bitter teares which now you
Filling the aged wrincles in my cheeks,
Be pittifull to my condemned sonnes,
VVhose soules is not corrupted as tis thoug
For two and twentie sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours loftie bed,
Andronicus lieth downe, and the Iudges pa
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad t
Let my teares staunch the earths drie appet
My sonnes sweete blood will make it shame
O earth I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distill from these two auntient ru
Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his shov